

Marshland Manor House:Day Two

by Rose of Poison Ivy

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Summary: Vergil and Gabriel take refuge in a manor house near the marshlands after barely managing to escape the clutches of the demon hord, a infuriated Ruby, sent after them... A twin intrigued...Vergil in denial. . .

1. Chapter 1

Hey guys its me again, back with a new chapter for Seeing Through Your Eyes-I know it's been a while but not to worry I've returned with a dose to intrude you all even more. This chapter is supposed to be a 'filler chapter' for the story. It takes place after chapter 12 and before chapter 13. It revolves around Vergil and Gabriel-and their stay at the old manor house across the marshland. It has a purpose and that is to help you guys get a better look at these two's relationship. I hope I don't disappoint. Update for next part should be posted soon so please review and comment for me-let me know what you guys think. . .There is a gap, chapter 12-yes, I know, trust me I'm reviewing that little bugger right now. So please don't freak out!

Disclaimer: I do not own Devil May Cry or any of the Characters. Nothing.

* * *

><p>I state only that which festers much within me-that and only that. A nuisance or a idiocy, I know not which suits my liking to its fullest.

_I do not seem to even consider a particular elation or delight to our little predicament-she is the exact definition of irritation. A thorn in one's side, which summons nothing but a certain aggravation.

-

_Most certainly an inconvenience. . . _

_Supremacy is that which I have taken it to mind to actually try to express. _

Dominance? I have managed to absolve.

I have always strived to maintain an aura of fearlessness... she quakes the very walls I have long ago risen to succor my pesky humane emotions.

The human girl is more baffling than the many planes and realms the very Demon World consists of-much to my discomfort.

As much as I now detest my last momentary elapse-I can assure you she's rooted herself solid in my intellect.

I have found my repulsivness and menacing to be an effective lifestyle to avoiding the very likes of humankind, however, it only seems to draw and unseemly attract the girl's very scrutiny in this case.

She observes my every move and yet refuses to admit I bear no human like quality-exclude my humane eloquence and mannerisms.

Mark my words-I have yet to claim myself to be a gentleman.

Nonetheless, unaware my time would be quite untimely, I made my entrance without any further ado.

.

The girl was half-naked before the looking mirror. . .

She stood with her back facing me and her front facing the looking glass mounted on the wall before her.

Her flannel shirt was hanging loosely down at her elbows, drapped around her small waist revealing a single piece of white paper, folded neatly and orderly, placed in between her bare back and the strap joining the back part of the clasps on her black bra.

She was turned slightly to her right rubbing softly at a red blemish on her right shoulder.

Truly ill-timed indeed.

Her long, black and lush hair was already styled into a disorganized, slapdash coil at the back of her head.

My patients was doubtlessly wearing thin this morning. So, after waiting a few minutes-much to her ignorance to my being, I decided it was time to make my presence known.

Clearing my thoat rather loudly, I stepped forward into the room.

"Ahem."

"Oh!" she gasped startled and hurriedly pulled up her shirt and turning away from me, she buttoned up every clasp, except the one near her collarbone.

Turning to face me once more, her hands gripped the drawer behind her. "I didn't hear you coming in." Her alabaster cheeks flushing with warmth, light pink hues.

I eyed her and paused at her bottom half.

She followed my gaze self-consciously.

"Oh, I hand-washed them last night. My shorts dried out quickly, but unfortunately my leggings are still wet," she explained frowning down at the small shorts exposing the pale skin of thighs and legs and then turned her attention back to me. She stood barefooted at the time and her face seemed relatively different.

It so seemed she'd trimmed her hair. A damp, ached fringe now edged her porcelain doll-like facial features.

I gave little noticed to the trivial change and said nothing as I made toward the blinds.

Any rays of early morning light were undetectable in the darkened room. Much to my amazement, she'd pulled the full-length curtains tightly shut.

"It's still raining outside, isn't it?" She asked as she approached my left side. Turning toward her, I dismissed her questioning.

"The tide has decreased."

"The wha-?" she began, craning her head to the side of my left shoulder in attempt to look outside the window.

"The low tide ceases at dusk and so does the causeway. . . .I should be back before then."

I was in no mood to answer her questioning, so stating my intentions was clearly all I was determined to express at the moment. That was, until she began with her unanticipated questioning.

"What is this place?" she asked. Her worrisome tone was that of untold fear.

When I refused to say anything more, she turned her grey eyes on me.

"Are we outside of the city?"

"Does it matter?" I queried, fairly vexed. Momentary shutting my eyes, I pinched my nose bridge.

Such absurd questioning!

Once I opened my eyes again, I found she to had silently closed her eyes as well and at the moment only nodded slowly in response.

"Famished, are we now?" I asked slightly amused at the thought. As I recall, the human surely lacked nourishment.

She immediately closed her eyes even tighter.

"I have errands to run," with that I made toward the door.

The girl's eyes flew to me in an instant.

For a moment, she looked like a frightened rabbit facing a preying predator. Her grey eyes wide and worried.

Keeping her jaws tightly clamped together, she tore her eyes from me and slowly made to her bedside.

Her face had instantly lost its colour as she nodded hesitantly, more to herself than to me; whom was observing her quite impatiently.

"I'm not very hungry." she began. But her human organs betrayed her and instantly grumbled loudly in protest to the thought of proper nourishment.

At once, her full red lips arched into a familiar dimpled smile as her thick lashes fluttered briefly over her stone grey eyes.

"You will be staying here, I will not be gone for long-an hour at most." I added as I turned to make to the corridor and out of her room.

Without delay, her boot's footsteps could be heard clunking against the wooden floor as she followed close behind.

I was not one to give out information to anyone-and mostly certainly this girl of all beings, but my cause was yet that but an exceptional one at the moment.

I silently made for the grand stairway as I instructed her sternly.

"You are to remain in the house with grave fidelity." I stopped half-way down the stairway's landing and turned slightly toward her, "Step one foot outside this house and-" I made my point clear with a side long glare, then immediately made down the other half of the stair treads.

.

Once the front door was slammed shut everything that was left behind was utter silence.

Placing an oil lamp and a pack of matches on the bottom last tread of the long staircase, Gabriel instantly took off after the half-demon.

"Vergil, wait!" she yelled after him, but to her distress, he'd already disappeared out the front door. She quickly raced her way over to the large wooden door and forcibly yanked it open, but no sooner did she open it, so did she immediately shut it right back.

Going outside was definitely not an option. Stepping a few steps back, her quaking hand found her chest.

Just then, her unbelieving eyes found a window nearby. She ran straight to its bench seater and pulling back the blinds, she knelt before the window to look outside. The road to the front gate was empty, no sign of Vergil.

She craned her head from left to right, continuously trying to get at least one short glimpse of the devil. But to her dismay nothing was attainable.

The outside of the old manor was home to a jungle, of dead plants and hidden gravel paths. The entire road to the gate was directed by an overgrown yard filled with weeds and creeping vines. She knew, she'd trampled through them when they'd first arrived here last night.

If she were to go out and stand near them, they'd surely reach somewhere near her waist-perhaps her lower thighs.

And without her leggings she was definitely not going to go out and risk get poison ivy or something much worser in that jungle of weeds.

Surrendering miserably to her current circumstance, Gabriel let out a sound of frustration. Now what was she supposed to do, be the sitting duck and wait for him!?

She groaned feeling helpless and turning her body over, she stumped into the bench seater behind her.

Vergil didn't even bother telling her where he was going! Was she to be treated like a child and be left in this place all alone?!

"Argh!" she groaned once again and then buried her head in her hands.

After taking a few glups of air and telling herself everything would be 'okay', Gabriel opt to calmly begin to take in her surroundings for the first time.

The old manor was definitely unwelcoming. It was awfully gloomy looking-it had that nineteen century English Gothic look. With cobwebs and dust-filled shadows, too.

It's creaking and imposing old English interiors definitely had a dated time of neglection and disrepairing. And not to even mention the power shortage throughout the entire house.

They'd arrived last night and to her astonishment, electricity wasn't a plus here.

Oil lamps and candle lights had been her only alternative. Of course, Vergil truly didn't care. He was fine either way, he could see quite clearly even in the dark. It was definitely one of his demon supernatural abilities.

Gabriel was finally done mulling over everything when she nearly gave

a start when her ears heard a heavy creaking coming from the second floor.

Her eyes instantly grew wide with fear as they instantly shot up to the intricate detailing on the ceiling of the room she was currently in.

Was someone else in the house? Or had Vergil already returned and had decided entering through her window was far more pleasant than through the front door?

Swallowing nervously, Gabriel silently took to her feet.

The house looked old enough to have lived through a century of human lifetimes. Surely the creaking had only been the wind pushing against the old walls, right?

Wrong!

A shiver instantly raced its way up her back as she stood listening to the floors creaking once again as someone or _something _made its way across the second floor a second time.

Gabriel's hands grew cold with every second.

Biting down on her lip, she debated whether she should take her chances with the weeds and ivy outside. Finding Vergil and the causeway road surely wasn't going to be a difficult task, stating there was only one way out of the island.

She hesitantly made toward the bottom of the stairway and tilting her head to the side, she tried to get a look up the stairs.

She nearly lost her wits when she heard the sound of something falling down the steps.

The goosebumps were inevitable.

She caught a glimpse of a paper ball bouncing down the second flight of stairs, down the stairway. It bounced so silently that if she hadn't been there she would have surely missed it. She jumped back fearfully when it suddenly hit her boots and then bounced back to the ground before her.

Cautiously keeping her eyes trained at the top of the stairs, she slowly crouching to grab the balled up piece of paper.

Her heart beating hard against her ribcage as she struggled to keep herself from running out the front door and after Vergil, away from this all.

Nonetheless, she held her ground. Her hands nervously missed the paper a few times out of sheer terror. Once she finally felt its crumbled up form, she instantly snatched the thing from the ground.

It was a golden paper, wrinkled and worn, with fire burnt edges.

-_Note_-

Wind and weather both affect the tides. Offshore winds move water away from coastlines, and exaggerate low tide exposures as well.

_He won't be gone for long. . . _

__End note__

Gabriel's thoat suddenly felt dry. Dry and airy altogether. Or was she feeling faint?

She licked her lips silently. And placing a involuntary shaking hand on the stairway's railing, she craned her head once more to have a look up the stairs.

Nothing.

Well if the house was somehow offering to kill her before Vergil did then she was definitely not letting this chance pass her by.

Gabriel licked she lips once more and brushing her newly cut fringe to the sides of her face, she slowly began to ascend to the top of the stairs.

Taking one tread at a time, she finally reached the top of the stairway. Standing a the corridor, she hesitantly turned her head left and then right.

Nothing.

She gulped, disliking the feeling of sudden dryness in the back of her thoat at the moment.

She was then determined to race back to her room and hide there until the half-demon returned. But her plans were instantly crushed when something unexpected happened.

Just when she was fixed in the direction that lead back to her room down the hall, did she noticed something moving through the corner of her left eye.

2. He's Soaking Wet and Grumpy!

Previously. . . .

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Just when she was fixed in the direction that lead back to her room down the hall, did she noticed something moving through the corner of her left eye.

A small two foot shadow, with crimson glowing red eyes flashed blindly across the path ahead of her.

"This way, . . . This way. ." _whispered a million child-like voices all at once.

Gabriel nearly gave a start once she fixed her eyes on the shadow of a bluish-white boy which stood crouched about a foot away from her. Both of his pale hands stretched out toward her-beckoning her to follow after him.

"Come. . . Come-this way. ." _he called. His whispers faint and small, yet double-voiced. His calling made to lure her in the direction opposite from her room.

Gabriel's flinched as she blinked once and than twice, unbelieving.

Was he a ghost? Was this house haunted? Why hadn't Vergil said anything about the manor being haunted? Why did he leave her here all alone!?

She wanted nothing more but to lay hold on the half-demon's throat at the moment. Not like she would be able to hurt him in anyway that was. Nonetheless, she would find a way to get him back later on. If she lived through this that was.

The ghost-like child remained unmoving. He only would tilt his head from side to side waiting for her.

Swallowing uneasy, Gabriel too remained still and silently watched as the child's image would flicker between a dark shadow and the form of a normal looking child.

Vergil had proven before that he cared little for the well-being of those around me, and that he was unflinching in the pursuit of his power ;however, in spite of his cold and ruthlessness demeanor, Gabriel had learned that he had a criteria of an honorable warrior.

So he'd have to come clean later on. She just knew it.

Watching the small boy's glowing red eyes she noticed he would sometimes fall on all fours as he would try to inch his way closer.

"This way." he called once more and then standing up straight he took off.

Fidgeting nervously, Gabriel hesitantly made to follow after the little boy.

_I mean how dangerous can a little child be, right? _She thought to herself as she followed after him keeping a minimum distance between her and the strange child.

He was small and looked to be about five or six of age. He wore small, dirty and torn at the hems, black trousers and a button up, dress shirt with a trail of gold buttons decorating his midsection all the way to the top.

It wasn't difficult for her to keep up somehow. The child would run ahead of her for only a few feet and then he would pause and give her an occasional beckoning to keep her as close as possible.

He would also disappear at times and then reappear about a few feet ahead again. His image would occasionally flicker back and forth; but nonetheless, he would still be standing impatiently before her in less than a minute or two.

Gabriel followed him as he lead her through rooms and rooms throughout the entire house.

Many of the rooms had furniture and a few others had none at all.

The rooms were lonely, and cobwebs and dust were never a missing complement to the beautiful Gothic and English interiors.

But what truly surprised her was the fact that the house had no hanging portraits of its past owners. None. None at all.

Well, none in sight that was, she was always tempted to uncover the furniture hidden beneath all the white sheets, but she would usually ignore the strange urge and move on after the little child. As he'd proven to be quite impatient.

After a while of following the little ghost boy, she suddenly began to wonder how much time had gone by.

"Hey little guy, where are you taking me exactly?" she called out after him right before he disappeared behind a large, wooden door.

After waiting a few seconds for him to reappear, Gabriel frowned when he never did and so she decided to follow him inside.

Slowly opening the wood carved door, she shudder as the door gave off a loud creaking as it turned on its rusty hinges. And upon entering the desolate room, she froze in place.

It was a music room, dusty and empty. Just like the previous rooms. This room too had dust-filled white sheets covering everything everywhere, much to her annoyance.

She took a few steps forward and then standing in the center of the large hall. She observed its windows and blinds as they grew light and then dark as the cloudy sky outside darkened and let little light and life come into the spacious and airy room.

At once she noticed the one and only uniqueness of the room she stood in now compared to all the previous rooms before. . .

The blinds in this room were white-dusty and worn-but white.

All the previous rooms had darker shades. Dark blue, dark wine, and black. . .

She was staring off at a nearby window, daring herself to approach its sill when suddenly the white sheets in the room where suddenly flying all over the place.

Shielding her face from the unexpected, yet strong ocean breezes, Gabriel instantly made to shut the window that now laid wide open across the room.

With surprisingly chattering teeth, she struggled to keep warm as she pushed herself against the strong winds.

Upon reaching its side, she quickly latched it closed. Pulling the blinds shut, she wondered what had happened to lead to such an unexpected moment.

The latch surely could not have come undone on its own, could it?

She stood at the window's side for a few minutes after. Gazing out over the vast ocean that covered the entire back of the old house. And the huge rocks that hugged it's edges as closely to land as possible.

She silently mulled over Vergil's whereabouts and whether she should go back to her room now and call it a day.

_"It's here. . .it's here. . ."_the small flickering shadow of the boy whispered breaking her out of her trance. He was currently beckoning her toward the center of the room, again.

He was standing next to an antique grand piano.

She frowned, once her eyes found the musical was surely not there before.

Was he trying to get her to play it?

Cautiously approaching them, she drew closer and closer. Slightly taken aback, she couldn't help but notice that the large piano was definitely more enchanting up close than from where she stood previously.

There were a few other instruments in the room as well. Like a violin, a cello, and even a beautiful golden harp. But for some strange reason the huge, dark piano captivated her attention more than any of the other instruments laying about.

It was beautifully crafted with the darkest of woods, ebony. And as she approached it to release the lid and prop it open, she studied its horizontal framework and strings.

Smiling to herself in sheer fascination, she placed her hands on its wooden stretch bar and then leaned in to get a better look inside.

It was in good shape.

She couldn't remember the last time she'd played a piano before. It must've been a long time ago. Probably when she was a child.

Challenging herself to bring back old memories, she decided she'd give the old thing a try.

Turning her attention back to the little boy, she smiled toward him warmly.

"Do you mind if I-" she began, but wasn't allowed to finish her sentence as the child instantly took her by the hand and lead her to the wood carved bench before the piano and motioned impatiently for her to play the sheets on the music rack.

The child had surprisingly cold hands, much to her acknowledgement. His grasp had been soft and extremely lightweight as he'd lead her to the bench without any warning signs.

With the fear she once held inside of her completely under her control, Gabriel giggled as she watched the little boy gleefully jump up and down impatiently.

Determined to not keep him waiting any longer, she reached out and took the music sheets into her hands and began to studying them silently.

The room was cold, yes. But right at the moment her attention was completely drawn way from her surroundings and all she could think about was playing the strange and mysterious piano before her.

Was she somehow being hypnotized or possessed to play the musical instrument?

She didn't know.

After a few seconds of silently reading the notes on the music sheets, Gabriel confusingly furrowed her raven-black eyebrows.

It all seemed to be a combination of two different sets of melodies. They were both from Ludwig van Beethoven. A well known German music composer and of course, a pianist, no doubt. The sheets were guide lines to merging two different compositions, both Für Elise and Moonlight Sonata.

Elegant, harmonious, and symphonic.

Biting down on her bottom lip, Gabriel lightly placed her hands on the ivory-white keys and then tracing the outlines of the charcoal-black smaller keys, she grinned, readying herself to start.

She eyed the smooth ebony wood that delicately curled underneath the beautiful keys in different directions, all-in-all adding more to the mesmerizing look of alluring musical beast.

Inhaling softly, she trained her eyes on the music sheets currently sitting back on the music rack. And then, slowly and delicately, the dark-haired girl silently began playing the notes with smooth and calming perfection.

The somewhat enchanting and mesmerizing tune instantly rang throughout the house ever so smoothly. Simply flooding every room in its path as it spread out and away from the very room she was currently sitting in with an unforeseen massive swiftness.

.

Standing just downstairs-near the front door, a certain half-demon arrogantly snorts to himself as he listened to the tune emitting from the higher grounds.

Surely not pleased, Vergil calmly begins his path down the hollow corridors to the stairway that leads to the second floor.

. . . .

This noise was the sound of icicles and little sleigh bells integrated into one impacting combination. A sound he was almost too familiar with. Too annoyed with. Too nettled.

Vergil automatically scowled as he, little by little, felt the sadness of the music seep into his body slowly.

It surged throughout his veins-very similar to the way demonic energy coursed throughout his very being in an instant when needed.

At once, he felt an immediate irritation to stop the memory-drawing, spellbound tune.

The sounds gradually drew his curiosity to a brink as he slowly advanced toward the door, astounded that the very sounds were somehow drawing him to them.

Pushing open the door with a slight creak of its hinges, he heedfully

scanned the room.

She was seated on the wooden bench, leaning over the grand piano from which the angelic and yet saddening sounds emitted from.

The elegant beast, was vastly sent to life by the girl's slender and swift fingers as they moved from key to key with every new sound.

Reassuring himself to display nothing but sheer calmness, Vergil allowed himself to be awed at the scenery before him.

The way she moved as she pressed each key and as she made from one side to the other only revealed to him how much the human was pouring her soul into the current tune. It was a scenery that he'd once seen before. . .

__Vergil's Memory__

_"Why do I have to stand guard?" a seven year old Dante complained as he came to a halt right behind his older twin. They've both been scouring the house in search for their beloved mother for three full minutes now and just when they had finally laid eyes on her, Vergil had to go about and ruin their good victory. "We went through this before," an irritated Vergil repeated for the fifth time in that day.__

_"I'm smart your dumb, am big and your small, I'm right and your wrong, its as clear as day." he replied paying no attention to Dante as he pouted childishly.__

_"Hey! I'm not small! We're the same height!" Dante protested completely missing the point. Vergil only rolled his eyes at his brother before turning back to the problem at hand.__

__Apparently, his intuition had be right, yet again. He'd been the one to guess their mother was at the window sill again, no doubt. Surely she'd spent the night longing for their father's return, again.

—

__The small seven year old only stood there by the door unmoving. Watching from a distance as his mother struggled to muffle her silent sobs as best as she could, while she remained with her face buried in her hands. __

_"Just stay here," Vergil whispered behind his back to his stubborn sibling, before tugging on his blue blanket and wrapping it around himself tightly, "I will tell you when to come in." he added as he went on and entered the room and left Dante at the door.__

__ __

_"Mother. . .has father returned yet?" Vergil asked as he slowly approached his mother's tired form. He just knew he was right. She'd indeed fallen asleep waiting for his father again, much to his disappointed, he frowned slightly. Her tears were fresh so she'd probably just reawakened.__

_"Vergil?" Eva replied, smiling warmly toward her firstborn. She silently brushed her tears from her eyes and motioned from him to

approach her._

_"Can I come in now?" Dante called out stepping into the large room.
_

_Glaring daggers at his younger twin, Vergil momentary turned his attention back to his brother; whom now stood in the large living room with his own red blanket trailing closely behind him. _

"Not even a mere second!" the young half-demon grumbled under his breath.

"No, he is boisterous and loud." Vergil replied in a matter-of-a-fact tone and then frowned bitterly toward his brother.

_This only caused Eva to bark out a small chuckle as she watched her two little boys start their daily bickering. _

Once she finally schooled her usually soft features, she smiled once more and turned to Dante motioning for him to come in.

"Yes my darling, you too come. Come. Come and take a seat next to your mother." she called gesturing them both and doing her best to speak in a calming, soft voice.

"Mother. Father hasn't returned." Vergil stated bluntly. He'd reached her side in less than a second and was holding her hand when he stated the saddening phrase of torment.

"I know Vergil." she simply replied, her voice giving off a slight crack as she continued, "I don't think he is. . . "

Once Dante reach her other side the white-headed little devil only frowned toward Vergil and taking his mother into a deep comforting hug, he whispered into the sudden silence.

"Everything will be alright mum," he paused, burying his face into her arms, he finished, "Father will return. We just have to wait a little bit longer."

Eva turned away from them both as Dante tried more and more to bury himself into her embrace. Closing her eyes as she faced the ceiling, she silently let a few wayward tears slip down her ivory cheeks.

_Vergil watched her patiently and remained standing for a few more seconds before he too gave in and joined them as they all sat together in the bitter silence of the morning. _

That was, until Dante suddenly began to weep.

_"Shhh, hush little one." she cooed and softly caressed his white-haired little head. She silently began to think of anything-just anything-to lighten up the moment. _

"Listen you two, how about we practice playing the piano again?" Eva asked, surely the suggestion was never rejected.

_Both, Dante and Vergil always welcomed a good music lesson, no

matter the circumstances._

_"Okay!" _

_Dante had been the first to reply as he jumped up and down in his mother's embrace and then he clung to her round her neck. _

Vergil on the other hand, only nodded slowly in agreement as his mother smiled toward him behind Dante's small shoulder.

_-Memory Ends-__

_Divine, graceful, magnificent, exquisite, delicate, and stunning. .
·-

The melancholy melody sung out like a lone wolf crying out to the moon.

Gabriel was so lost in the moment as she leaned into the instrument and played, moving her head slowly from side to side. It almost looked like she was playing an invisible violin, the way her head would occasionally move in a certain way from left to right as she went on.

She never felt the treacherous tears as they instantly began to run down her closed eyes and down the contours of her pale cheeks.

She'd never would've guessed someone had entered the room if she hadn't been opening her eyes from time to time.

The music was so peaceful. So. . .

Alluring, captivating, charming, beguiling, fascinating.

Gabriel never knew something so enchanting could end so quickly and so instantly that was, until an unexpected sound came to her ears from the entrance to the room, at her back.

Startled, Gabriel's fingers instantly drew back and away from the keys as if they were burning with fire. At once, she took to her feet and immediately stepped away from the musical instrument.

Her leery eyes abruptly surveyed the room in complete stillness.

The half-demon was so close to the human, he could smell the dwindling smell of roses all about her.

Surely it was slightly denser last night.

He silently remained unmoving and watched the rise and fall of her shoulders as she breathed. She remained stock-still, with her back to him.

She was afraid it wasn't whom she was hoping it was. So she remained and urged herself to move quickly and get back to her room.

In an instant, Gabriel turned and prepared to take off out of the room. But when she saw Vergil standing in the now open doorway, she gasped as if she'd been holding her breath all along and at once took a step back.

He was soaking wet.

She used every ounce of self-control she had to keep herself from running toward him. She was so glad to know he'd returned and that he hadn't left her here to spend the night alone.

Studying the striking half-demon and his pale and well composed profile, she couldn't help herself and without hesitation, she grinned sheepishly toward his blasphemous demeanor.

"Your back. . ." she voiced. Slightly wary as she took, yet another cautious step back.

Gabriel couldn't help but to be surprised. Surprised at the fact that he indeed had returned. But not only that, he'd returned quite drenched in a surprisingly amount of water.

She eyed him and noticed that he also was dressed differently.

He'd exchanged his navy blue turtle-neck and lacquer pants for something more sophisticated. . .

Vergil offered her no response. Only monitored her with his lips pressed into a thin line. And with one brow arched in question, he opted to give her the "Yes, and what of it?" look.

After a long moment of silence, his icy controlled quietness petrified her.

"I'm sorry," she began as she tilted her head to the side and smiling she then clasped her hands behind her back, "you startled me."

Seeming to have forgotten her presence, he then closed his eyes, his brow furrowed as he appeared to be concentrated.

Probably focusing on ways to make her keep quiet.

She suddenly felt frustrated as she stood there watching him.

Then finally, as if her mental protests were somehow heard. She was suddenly rewarded for her persistence.

His blue sapphires instantly met hers and he stared at her for what felt like several seconds. She waited calmly. For once in her chattering existence, she wanted to know, really know, what the half-demon had to say.

Gabriel wasn't the one whom she had taken a liking to their usual awkward 'silent moments'. So instead she decided to get things on the move and swiping the friendly smile off her lips, she made toward him in a poised and self-assured manner.

The blue clad hybrid only watched her skeptically as she deliberately approached him unfazed.

"You should probably get dried up, don't you think?" she asked and standing on the tip of her toes, she flicked a damp strand of silver-white hair from out of his line of vision.

"Hmph, the human speaks of my conditions, however she's yet to see to her own self bearing?" his stated and then gave off a derisive snort.

Blinking once and then twice, Gabriel immediately understood what he was going on about and so she instantly began brushing violently at the tears that had create streamlines down her pale cheeks.

"What?!" she pouted, glancing innocently to her left side. "Ever hear of emotions before?"

"Have you any idea how irritating you humans are? You in particular?"

"Wow. How very chivalrous of you to say that!" she snapped back completely forgetting to hold in her dramatic gasp-like reaction when she heard his words.

"I don't recall claiming myself to be a gallant gentleman."

"Go figure!" she announced and instantly turned her grey eyes back to his.

"Remember your place girl," he threatened viciously, "If I didn't need you alive, I would've never left to find your dearly needed nourishments!"

Gabriel had to bite down hard on her lips to keep herself from crying.

She'd somehow grown used to a strange hatred for the power he now held over her.

"Humans and their weaknesses." he stated after, raking a hand through his loosely fallen, wet hair. He stood morosely in the center of the room, contemplating whether to exit the room or not.

Gabriel looked slightly calmer then as she eyed him questionably.

"I never confuse gentleness with weakness, Vergil. . .," she began as she let her hands fall to her sides and went on, "humans have a gentle heart," feeling slightly uncomfortable, she crossed her arms across her light but ample frame.

"They let themselves experience pain to become stronger. . .they allow themselves to undergo emotions and be subjected to their passions to achieve a greater strength. . . the power to accept. . .to overcome."

"That has always made me question . . You-" she began, but no sooner did the singular pronoun left her mouth, so was she silenced.

"Nonsense." Vergil spat giving off negative vibes.

Apparently, he was not happy. He knew exactly where her thinking was going.

"You, whom bear demon and human blood within you must-" she risked,

but no sooner was she interrupted, yet again.

"Such things are best not mentioned." he uttered dryly. Surely she wouldn't test his patients once more.

Gabriel remained completely silenced as Vergil said nothing more, stood and took a few long-legged strides toward the door. He paused then and slightly turned his head to the wall perpendicular to the door he was exiting.

Did he have something more to say?

"Why are you so cold-blooded?" she asked, not expecting an answer.

Wasn't he always?

_Oh wait, your a reptilian. _Her inner-self joked as she watched him turn and ignoring her question.

Soon after that, he took off and disappeared into the dark corridor...

Thunder suddenly rolled loudly as rain descended from on high and fiercely began to pour around the marshlands surrounding the manor.

Gabriel stood silently listening as the rain splashed against the windows and surely on the rooftop outside.

She inwardly debated whether or not to go downstairs and try to speak some sense into the cold-hearted half-demon.

Groaning rather annoyed at herself, she puffed at her front bangs.

This won't end well.

Biting her bottom lip, she nodded to herself and assuring herself she would make this quick, she then began to make her way to the door.

* * *

><p>Alright guys this is part 2 of this chapter, please leave me a review and let me know what you guys think... Part 3 will be up sometime this week so please stay tuned...Bye bye for the mean time! :)<p>

End
file.